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DE WITT'S ACTING PLAYS.

(Number 152.)

CUPID'S EYE-GLASS.

A COMEDY, IN ONE ACT.

BY THOMAS PICTON,

Author of "A Tempest in a Tea-Pot," "There's no Smoke without Fire," "'Tis Better to Live than to Die," "A Hard Case," "A Tell-Tale Heart," etc., etc.

TO WHICH ARE ADDED

A description of the Costume—Cast of the Characters—Entrances and Exits—
Relative Positions of the Performers on the Stage, and
the whole of the Stage Business.

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CUPID'S EYE-GLASS.

A Comedy,

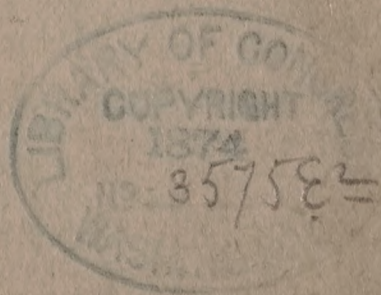
IN ONE ACT.

BY THOMAS PICTON,

Author of "A Hard Case," "There's no Smoke without Fire," "A Tempest in a Tea-Pot," "'Tis Better to Live than to Die," "A Tell-Tale Heart," etc., etc.

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NEW YORK:

ROBERT M. DE WITT, PUBLISHER,

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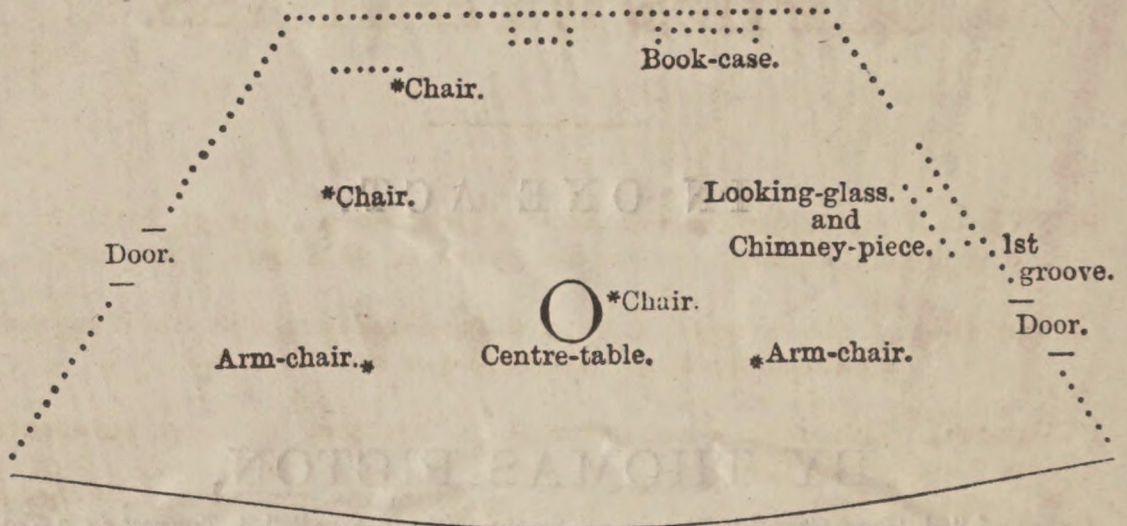
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CHARACTERS.

Algernon (a Journalist).....
 Valeria (a young Widow).....

SCENERY.

SCENE.—A richly furnished boudoir. Lateral doors, door at back; at L., first



groove, chimney-piece and looking-glass; at L., back, a bookcase.

COSTUMES.

ALGERNON.—Black coat, white waistcoat, black pantaloons, patent leather boots, white cravat.

VALERIA.—Full evening dress.

PROPERTIES.

Book-case; two arm-chairs; looking-glass; piece of tapestry; book; a red hood; a pelisse; chairs; handsome furniture.

SYNOPSIS.

A caustic journalist, writing against the fashions and foibles in vogue with the female sex, is enamored of an intelligent widow, who contrives to wean him from all his prejudices, and to extort a practical confession of their absurdity, before suffering him to win her hand. The piece is particularly adapted to amateur performance, and, when well performed, highly effective.

STAGE DIRECTIONS.

R. means Right of Stage, facing the Audience; L. Left; C. Centre; R. C. Right of Centre; L. C. Left of Centre. D. F. Door in the Flat, or Scene running across the back of the Stage; C. D. F. Centre Door in the Flat; R. D. F. Right Door in the Flat; L. C. F. Left Door in the Flat; R. D. Right Door; L. D. Left Door; 1 E. First Entrance; 2 E. Second Entrance; U. E. Upper Entrance; 1, 2 or 3 G. First Second or Third Groove.

R. R. C. C. R. C. L.

 The reader is supposed to be upon the stage facing the audience.

CUPID'S EYE-GLASS.

SCENE.—*A richly-furnished boudoir ; lateral doors, door at back ; at L. first groove, chimney-piece and looking-glass ; at L., back, a book-case.*

At the rising of the curtain VALERIA is discovered seated, and working upon a piece of tapestry ; ALGERNON is seated near her.

VALERIA. You write, I am given to understand, for those ephemeral sheets flooding the town ?

ALGERNON. Ephemeral ! You are ungenerous, madam. Give honor to unfortunate courage !

VAL. And is it on account of dealing in this decayed literature that you are induced to suppose yourself to be a man of superior genius ?

ALGER. I believe myself to possess as much genius as enables me to act in accordance with the rest of the world.

VAL. That is to say that the rest of the world accords you possession of genius.

ALGER. No ! but every one should think in that way.

VAL. That is levelling at me.

ALGER. I had no intention of discharging an epigram at you. But how could it be avoided ? It's impossible that you have no consciousness of your merit.

VAL. It is the old proverb as to the beam in your neighbor's eye !

ALGER. And is it because I love you that you would drive me to despair ?

VAL. Who has implored you to love me ?

ALGER. Is it my fault that you are witty and handsome ?

VAL. You find me handsome because, at this moment, you will use no other eye-glass—

ALGER. (*interrupting her*). There needs no eye-glass to admire you.

VAL. Admitted—but you have before your eyes an invisible eye-glass, a prism, which embellishes everything—Cupid's eye-glass. Consequently, when your irony is exerted against all the ladies of your acquaintance, I alone am excepted.

ALGER. I am well recompensed ; a moment since you accused me of foppishness, the failing I particularly abhor.

VAL. You have many others ; that one is the most developed.

ALGER. Upon what do you base this judgment !

VAL. Upon your conceitedness. For a long hour you sought to demonstrate that addiction to the ridiculous killed love, and you maddened to a red heat at finding me of a contrary opinion. Ah ! it can be readily perceived that you love rather through the medium of the imagination than of the heart.

ALGER. Madam, I swear to you——

VAL. You are again going to recite me your rounded sentences. Do not trouble yourself. In our profession we are accustomed to be bombarded with insipidities.

ALGER. Your profession?

VAL. Yes, that of young widow; but let us continue our dissertations—'tis more amusing and less dangerous.

ALGER. Less dangerous! Another raillery——

VAL. Less dangerous—for you. Tell me, I pray you, what do you understand by the ridiculous, in the case of a female?

ALGER. The ridiculous strikes the eye; still it is extremely difficult to be defined.

VAL. You have gratified me by a long discourse against foot warmers. You laid it down as an axiom that it was ridiculous to make use of them. Hence, as the ridiculous kills love—according to you, at least,—it suffices for a woman to make use of a foot warmer—a poor, innocent foot warmer, to stifle, at the same moment, your passion for her.

ALGER. Such utensils should be resigned to the poor, unfortunate wretches, condemned to vend vegetables, as hucksters in public markets, and to others, exposed to drafts of out-door chilling air.

VAL. What else do you qualify by the ridiculous?

ALGER. Those thousand little nothings, which give offence to persons, whom education has elevated to a front rank. There exists a crowd of vulgar manias, betokening pettiness of soul. For instance, women can be found capable of bringing up animals with a maternal tenderness, of devising legacies in favor of cats, dogs, or squirrels.

VAL. (*with affected seriousness*). 'Tis infamous!

ALGER. A woman can never be too scrupulous in the matter of attire; to wear, at twenty, leg of mutton sleeves and a yellow hat, is a lack of taste; and to array one's self, at fifty, in a rollicking toilet, is the height of pretension.

VAL. In all of which I accord with you; still continue.

ALGER. We know not how strongly to scourge that habit of remaining two hours every morning before a mirror to besmear the face, as an actress, cast to play the part of an Indian squaw—a habit ceased of existence for over a quarter of a century.

VAL. Furthermore?

ALGER. What do I know? I will never finish should I continue on this chapter. But madam, that which caps the climax, the quintessence of monstrosity, is the wearing of a hood.

VAL. It is criminal! (*with strong emphasis*.)

ALGER. Rather than give my arm in the street, madam, to a head, garnished with a hood, I would blow out my brains. (VALERIA *laughs heartily*.)

VAL. You amuse me greatly.

ALGER. I am charmed. I esteem myself fortunate in provoking your hilarity; but let us converse, with your permission, on more important topics.

VAL. The panic in Wall street, or the great trial?

ALGER. Of my love!

VAL. That is a trial you impose on yourself.

ALGER. I hope to gain my cause.

VAL. You will gain it—should you plead eloquently.

ALGER. (*takes her hand*). Thanks!

VAL. You are a creature of vivacity. You have made me drop my ball of wool. (*she is about to stoop down*.)

ALGER. Do not disarrange yourself. (*searches after the ball of wool*.)

Yes! I will gain my cause, for I plead it with the eloquence of the heart, and—ah!

VAL. What's happened to you?

ALGER. (*shaking his hand as he rises from the floor*). I have burned myself!

VAL. You must have touched my foot warmer.

ALGER. What?

VAL. (*with feigned shame*). Imprudent woman!

ALGER. What said you?

VAL. I? Nothing.

ALGER. A foot warmer!

VAL. It creates in you the impression of a poor, unfortunate wretch, condemned to vend vegetables, as a huckster, in our public markets?

ALGER. A foot warmer!

VAL. Or, perchance, of some one exposed to drafts of out-door chilling air?

ALGER. (*embarrassed*). The winter has been rigorous this year.

VAL. The thermometer stood yesterday within some few degrees of zero.

ALGER. Moreover, fashion, that capricious deity, domineering over all prejudices—(*stops suddenly, then adds, after a pause*) A foot warmer is, to-day, considered to be in very good taste.

VAL. Heaven be praised! (*after a pause*) Overlook this piccadillo; but I am not one of those women, nursing animals, or besmearing themselves with paint.

ALGER. (*who has reseated himself*). I would not do you the injury of believing you such.

VAL. I am not akin to Mrs. Moneybags, who owns her palatial mansion on the Avenue.

ALGER. Nothing can astonish me concerning a person whose parents wallowed in the grease of a grocer's shop.

VAL. By the way, Mrs. Moneybags has invited me to dinner this very evening.

ALGER. And—(*a pause*) are you going?

VAL. Assuredly.

ALGER. Then—(*a pause*) you drive me hence?

VAL. I am too polite for that.

ALGER. Only you did not ask me to go away.

VAL. You will offer your arm to escort me to her door, and, on the morrow, you will revisit me.

ALGER. You are very kind.

VAL. How know you so—you, who know me so slightly?

ALGER. I know enough to appreciate you.

VAL. According to the focus of your eye-glass.

ALGER. Would you that I portray your real traits?

VAL. Ridiculous ones?

ALGER. Can you place credence in me?

VAL. Well, well—these real traits?

ALGER. You shall have them. You are heedless, irresolute, sometimes slightly ironical, much oftener overcapricious; those are your faults. Now for your good qualities: you are as handsome as possible, gracious to excess, excellent hearted, rare witted, and I know no woman worthy of being compared to you.

VAL. Do I possess one cardinal quality, it is that of not being offended at sincere advice extended me, and hence I thank you. (*she extends her hand. ALGERNON kisses it. VALERIA coughs.*)

ALGER. Have you taken cold?

VAL. I dread so doing; this boudoir is ice-like; I have plenty of fire in my chamber, but a bed chamber is so lonely.

ALGER. Above all——

VAL. Above all what?

ALGER. Nothing.

VAL. I am troubled with curiosity; is it one of my forgotten sins in your nomenclature? Come—what were you about to say?

ALGER. (*with great hesitation*). That, in truth, a bed chamber is lonely. (*pauses*) Above all, when it is a widow's. (*VALERIA shivers, turns around, and coughs*) If you were to put on a cloak?

VAL. Be kind enough to give me my pelisse, which you will find on the lounge in the drawing-room.

ALGER. Immediately. (*he goes towards door R.*)

VAL. Softly!

ALGER. Some one sleeping?

VAL. Yes—Don Tomaso.

ALGER. Don Tomaso?

VAL. A superb Maltese.

ALGER. A Maltese?

VAL. (*as if to herself*). Aye—haven't I told him?

ALGER. A Maltese cat in your house?

VAL. Is it unpardonable?

ALGER. Valeria!

VAL. Do you pity me?

ALGER. I have no sympathy for cats, it is true, but I have still less for mice. The little beasts are so disagreeable.

VAL. Imagine to yourself, they ransack my apartments.

ALGER. Then you have had this cat but momentarily?

VAL. A present from my husband——

ALGER. Was it included among wedding presents?

VAL. My pelisse—I am freezing.

ALGER. I am forgetting. (*enters room R.*)

VAL. (*alone*). He amuses me! singular personage! he believes himself a serious man, while he is nothing but an obstinate boy, led about by the meanest dainty. He conceives he possesses a healthy judgment, and I charge myself with extorting contradictions from him, twenty to the hour. Ah! gentlemen, if you were, after marriage, that which you were before, how happy would we be, and better comprehend your interests.

ALGER. (*re-enters*). Ah! madam, the admirable Maltese.

VAL. Is he not?

ALGER. If all cats resemble him I would adore them.

VAL. And my pelisse?

ALGER. It was not upon the lounge, where Senor Don Tomaso was gently purring.

VAL. Go, then, into the dining-room——

ALGER. Into the dining-room? very well. (*he goes to the L., and is about opening the lateral door there.*)

VAL. Close the door quickly.

ALGER. You are right; drafts of air must be distrusted.

VAL. That is not the motive—I take few precautions—but Paquinto is so mischievous when he flies about; nothing enrages me more bitterly.

ALGER. Paquinto?

VAL. A superb parroquet!

ALGER. A parroquet! (*a dog barks*) What do I hear?

VAL. It is Venus.

ALGER. Venus?

VAL. A superb grayhound!

ALGER. A superb dog! a superb cat! a superb parroquet! But, madam, are your apartments converted into a menagerie?

VAL. Thanks!

ALGER. Oh! excuse me!

VAL. You hate me!

ALGER. I? I to hate!

VAL. You must know this parroquet is extremely precious—from generation to generation—over a hundred years it has been in my family.

ALGER. And this dog?—this frightful poodle?

VAL. It is not a frightful poodle—it is grace and fidelity combined. It is a charming creature, which does not manufacture high-flown phrases, nor spin out sonnets, but is a friend, in whom confidence can be placed. Moreover, reflect that I am here alone with my waiting maid. A fine looking girl, this waiting maid of mine! Mr. Moneybags bestows on her such glances.

ALGER. I know several gentlemen who have bestowed upon his wife just such glances.

VAL. Mrs. Moneybags is good-looking.

ALGER. In the days of yore it may have been possible, but, at this day, she has no need of a dog to defend her.

VAL. Nevertheless she desired me to present her with Venus, (ALGER-NON shows joy) but I could not find it in my heart ever to separate her from me.

ALGER. (*dolefully*). Ever?

VAL. She came to me from my mother.

ALGER. It's my mother's dog!

VAL. My pelisse?

ALGER. Forthwith.

[*Exits by door L.*]

VAL. (*alone*). He would, should I marry him, have me keep these poor beasts under lock and key. Oh! should he commit this triple assassination! But I know how to make him love them—to the point of composing verses for them—to the point of forgetting his wife for them, should I so will it. But I will command it not.

ALGER. (*re-entering*). Do you know, madam, that that parroquet is very handsome! what brilliant colors! And that grayhound! now delicious she is as she came barking gently around me! Ah! if all dogs and all parroquets were like those you have, I would make collections of them—have them even in my pockets. But, madam, here is your pelisse. (*hands it to her.*)

VAL. It is useless now; it is the hour for starting.

ALGER. Could you not renounce Mrs. Moneybags in my favor?

VAL. Would you have me transform her into an enemy? Time simply to smooth my hair, and I will be with you.

[*She exits through door to room R.*]

ALGER. (*alone*). There is truth in the old proverb, which says, "What woman wishes God decrees!" She has compelled me to admire these accursed animals—no, not accursed, for they are very pretty. Valeria is not like those old gossips who bring up the vulgar breed, and at night play vingt-et-un, surrounded by their wards. (*after a pause*) At the idea of going out with her I cannot restrain a slight emotion. Let us repair the disorder of my toilet.

He looks into the mirror, and remakes the tie of his cravat. The door of the room into which VALERIA had passed, reopens, and she appears on the threshold.

VAL. Here I am!

ALGER. (*falling into an arm-chair*). Is this a dream?

VAL. (*feigning simplicity*). A dream?

ALGER. You have done it on purpose.

VAL. (*in the same style as before*). Purpose—what?—you speak in enigmas.

ALGER. That red hood!

VAL. So it is—ah! great heavens! it is done! it is the height of the ridiculous, as you have told me! hood! It caps the climax! is the quintessence of monstrosity! My friend, I have forfeited your esteem; I see it, I feel it.

ALGER. A hood!—and a red hood above all!

VAL. I will retire, as I embitter your existence. Still it was done involuntarily. Pardon me, if within your power. Adieu!

ALGER. Valeria! what a demon you are, or, rather, what an angel!

VAL. Come! I will go alone to Mrs. Moneybags' mansion; the distance is not great.

ALGER. Have you not permitted me to offer you my arm?

VAL. I now refuse it—through Christian charity.

ALGER. How is that?

VAL. I do not wish you to blow out your brains!

ALGER. You spare nothing to perfect my torture.

VAL. I?

ALGER. As the trivial and sublime near approach! Another would have been repulsive to me, but you—you are adorable!

VAL. Let us start, my friend. (*they go up to back.*)

ALGER. (*on the threshold*). And what do they do at Mrs. Moneybags' evening parties?

VAL. (*coming down*). As in all other drawing-rooms; we converse, we play the piano, we give ourselves up to innocent recreations, we likewise game at vingt-et-un. I'm crazy on vingt-et-un.

ALGER. (*falling into arm-chair, r.*). Vingt-et-un!

VAL. Does that vex you?—Is it because?—no, yes—perchance it borders on the ridiculous?

ALGER. (*aside*). Let's restrain ourselves through fear of being ridiculous in our own turn.

VAL. I am a favorite with chance—I take the pool often—you will come; I invite you. Vingt-et-un does not absorb all the intellectual faculties; you can likewise fabricate jokes, puns, and sprightly sayings; we are permitted to show off our wit.

ALGER. In that I am sure you take the pool.

VAL. Come!

ALGER. But before, promise me a consolation for all the spiteful remarks you have caused me to endure——

VAL. A sugar plum?

ALGER. Our marriage!

VAL. You still love me?

ALGER. Alas! yes. It was not, however, my fault—I did not do it on purpose.

VAL. Despite my ridiculous notions?

ALGER. You have simply charming eccentricities—I adore you.

VAL. Despite my ugliness?

ALGER. Your ugliness!

VAL. You smile, but it is positive that some one found me lacking in beauty.

ALGER. Assuredly, but that some body was a woman.

VAL. It was Mrs. Moneybags.

ALGER. The antiquated idiot! but do you hear?

VAL. What?

ALGER. It is raining, and I fear we cannot find a disengaged vehicle—

VAL. What then?

ALGER. Valeria! if you loved me——

VAL. Open the book-case.

ALGER. Still another cruelty—behold it open.

VAL. Take down the first volume of Moliere.

ALGER. I have it.

VAL. Open at the second act of *The Misanthrope*—at the page indicated by the book-mark. (ALGERNON does as requested, and hands book to her) Listen, I pray you. (*she reads*) “Lovers to the world always vaunt their choice. Never does their passion perceive aught blamable. To them the object of their adoration becomes total amiability; they reckon defects as perfections, and know how to bestow on them favorable appellations. The pale adored is compared to the whiteness of the jasmine; the dark becomes a cause of dread, a brunette, of admiration; the lean one possesses the stature and air of Liberty; the stout, a bearing replete with majesty; the slovenly loved one, upon whom are few attractions charged, is placed beneath the denomination of negligent beauty; the giantess appears to her admirer's eyes a deity; the dwarf, a concentration of celestial marvels; to the haughty is awarded a spirit worthy of a crown; to the cozened, a fund of wit; and to the stupid, plentitude of goodness. The garrulous gossip is, in love's glances, a person of agreeable humor; while the mute preserves an honest shame. It is thus that the lover, whose passion is intense, admires even the defects of the woman he adores.” Well! what say you to these sentiments?

ALGER. They are profound, as were all coming from a philosophic master.

VAL. See you not that they compose the apology for the prism of which I spoke to you before, and which obstructs your sight——

ALGER. (*seating himself near VALERIA*). A prism?

VAL. You know it well—CUPID'S EYE-GLASS.

CURTAIN.

De Witt's Acting Plays—Continued.

No.

49. **The Midnight Watch.** Drama. 1 Act. By John M. Morton. 8 Male, 2 Female Characters.
50. **The Porter's Knot.** Serio-Comic Drama. 2 Acts. By John Oxenford. 8 Male, 2 Female Characters.
51. **A Model for a Wife.** Farce. 1 Act. By Alfred Wigan. 3 Male, 2 Female Characters.
52. **A Cup of Tea.** Comedietta. 1 Act. By Charles Nutter and J. Derley. 3 Male, 1 Female Characters.
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54. **The Young Collegian.** Farce. 1 Act. By T. W. Robertson. 3 Male, 2 Female Characters.
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60. **The Hidden Hand;** or, **The Gray Lady of Porth Vennon.** Drama. 4 Acts. By Tom Taylor. 5 Male, 5 Female Characters.
61. **Plot and Passion.** Drama. 3 Acts. By Tom Taylor. 7 Male, 2 Female Characters.
62. **A Photographic Fix.** Farce. 1 Act. By Frederick Hay. 3 Male, 2 Female Characters.
63. **Marriage at any Price.** Farce. 1 Act. By J. P. Wooler. 5 Male, 3 Female Characters.
64. **A Household Fairy.** A Domestic Sketch. 1 Act. By Francis Talford. 1 Male, 1 Female Characters.
65. **Checkmate.** Comedy Farce. 2 Acts. By Andrew Halliday. 6 Male, 5 Female Characters.
66. **The Orange Girl.** Drama, in a Prologue and 3 Acts. By Henry Leslie. 18 Male, 4 Female Characters.
67. **The Birth-place of Podgers.** Farce. 1 Act. By John Hollingshead. 7 Male, 3 Female Characters.
68. **The Chevalier de St. George.** Drama. 3 Acts. By T. W. Robertson. 9 Male, 3 Female Characters.
69. **Caught by the Cuff.** Farce. 1 Act. By Frederick Hay. 4 Male, 1 Female Characters.
70. **The Bonnie Fish Wife.** Farce. 1 Act. By Charles Selby. 3 Male, 1 Female Characters.
71. **Doing for the Best.** Domestic Drama. 2 Acts. By M. Raphino Lacy. 5 Male, 3 Female Characters.
72. **A Lane Excuse.** Farce. 1 Act. By Frederick Hay. 4 Male, 2 Female Characters.
73. **Fettered.** Drama. 3 Acts. By Watts Phillips. 11 Male, 4 Female Characters.
74. **The Garrick Fever.** Farce. 1 Act. By J. R. Planche. 7 Male, 4 Female Characters.
75. **Adrienne.** Drama. 3 Acts. By Henry Leslie. 7 Male, 3 Female Characters.
76. **Chops of the Channel.** Nautical Farce. 1 Act. By Frederick Hay. 3 Male, 2 Female Characters.
77. **The Roll of the Drum.** Drama. 8 Acts. By Thomas Egerton Wilks. 8 Male, 4 Female Characters.
78. **Special Performances.** Farce. 1 Act. By Wilmot Harrison. 7 Male, 3 Female Characters.
79. **A Sheep in Wolf's Clothing.** Domestic Drama. 1 Act. By Tom Taylor. 7 Male, 5 Female Characters.

No.

80. **A Charming Pair.** Farce. 1 Act. By Thomas J. Williams. 4 Male, 3 Female Characters.
81. **Vandyke Brown.** Farce. 1 Act. By A. C. Troughton. 3 Male, 3 Female Characters.
82. **Peep o' Day;** or, **Savourneen Dheelish.** (New Drury Lane Version.) Irish Drama. 4 Acts. By Edmund Falconer. 12 Male, 4 Female Characters.
83. **Thrice Married.** Personation Piece. 1 Act. By Howard Paul. 6 Male, 1 Female Characters.
84. **Not Guilty.** Drama. 4 Acts. By Watts Phillips. 10 Male, 6 Female Characters.
85. **Locked in with a Lady.** Sketch from Life. By H. R. Addison. 1 Male, 1 Female Characters.
86. **The Lady of Lyons;** or, **Love and Pride.** (The Fechter Version.) Play. 5 Acts. By Lord Lytton. 10 Male, 3 Female Characters.
87. **Locked Out.** Comic Scene. 1 Act. By Howard Paul. 1 Male, 1 Female Characters.
88. **Founded on Facts.** Farce. 1 Act. By J. P. Wooler. 4 Male, 2 Female Characters.
89. **Aunt Charlotte's Maid.** Farce. 1 Act. By J. M. Morton. 3 Male, 3 Female Characters.
90. **Only a Halfpenny.** Farce. 1 Act. By John Oxenford. 2 Male, 3 Female Characters.
91. **Walpole;** or, **Every Man has his Price.** Comedy in Rhyme. 3 Acts. By Lord Lytton. 7 Male, 2 Female Characters.
92. **My Wife's Out.** Farce. 1 Act. By G. Herbert Rodwell. 2 Male, 3 Female Characters.
93. **The Area Belle.** Farce. 1 Act. By William Brough and Andrew Halliday. 3 Male, 2 Female Characters.
94. **Our Clerks;** or, **No. 3 Flig Tree Court Temple.** Farce. 1 Act. 7 Male, 5 Female Characters.
95. **The Pretty Horse Breaker.** Farce. 1 Act. By William Brough and Andrew Halliday. 3 Male, 10 Female Characters.
96. **Dearest Mamma.** Comedietta. 1 Act. By Walter Gordon. 4 Male, 3 Female Characters.
97. **Orange Blossoms.** Comedietta. 1 Act. By J. P. Wooler. 3 Male, 3 Female Characters.
98. **Who is Who?** or, **All in a Fog.** Farce. 1 Act. By Thomas J. Williams. 3 Male, 2 Female Characters.
99. **The Fifth Wheel.** Comedy. 3 Acts. 10 Male, 2 Female Characters.
100. **Jack Long;** or, **The Shot in the Eye.** Drama. 2 Acts. By J. B. Johnstone. 5 Male, 1 Female Characters.
101. **Fernande.** Drama. 3 Acts. By Victorien Sardou. 11 Male, 10 Female Characters.
102. **Foiled.** Drama. 4 Acts. By O. W. Cornish. 8 Male, 3 Female Characters.
103. **Faust and Marguerite.** Drama. 3 Acts. By T. W. Robertson. 9 Male, 7 Female Characters.
104. **No Name.** Drama. 4 Acts. By Wilkie Collins. 7 Male, 5 Female Characters.
105. **Which of the Two.** Comedietta. 1 Act. By John M. Morton. 2 Male, 10 Female Characters.
106. **Up for the Cattle Show.** Farce. 1 Act. By Harry Lemon. 6 Male, 2 Female Characters.
107. **Cupboard Love.** Farce. 1 Act. By Frederick Hay. 2 Male, 1 Female Characters.
108. **Mr. Ferrogins.** Farce. 1 Act. By William Hancock. 3 Male, 3 Female Characters.
109. **Locked In.** Comedietta. 1 Act. By J. P. Wooler. 2 Male, 3 Female Characters.
110. **Poppleton's Predicaments.** Farce. 1 Act. By Charles M. Roe. 3 Male, 6 Female Characters.
111. **The Liar.** Comedy. 2 Acts. By Sam'l Foote. Altered and adapted by Charles Matthews. 7 Male and 2 Female Characters.



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No

112. **Not a Bit Jealous.** A Farce, in 1 Act. By T. W. Robertson. 3 Male, 3 Female characters
113. **Cyril's Success.** Comedy, in 5 Acts. By H. J. Byron. 9 Male, 5 Female characters.
114. **Anything for a Change.** Petite Comedy, in 1 Act. By Shirley Brooks. 3 Male, 3 Female characters.
115. **New Men and Old Acres.** Comedy, in 3 Acts. By Tom Taylor. 8 Male, 5 Female characters.
116. **I'm not Meself at all.** An Original Irish Stew. By C. A. Maltby. 3 Male, 2 Female characters
117. **Not Such a Fool as he Looks.** Farcical Drama, in 3 Acts. By H. J. Byron. 5 Male, 4 Female characters.
118. **Wanted, a Young Lady.** Farce, in 1 Act. By W. E. Suter. 3 Male characters.
119. **A Life Chase.** Drama, in 5 Acts. By John Oxenford. 14 Male, 5 Female characters
120. **A Tempest in a Tea Pot.** Petite Comedy, in 1 Act. By Thomas Pictou. 2 Male, 1 Female characters
121. **A Comical Countess.** Farce, in 1 Act. By William Brough. 3 Male, 1 Female characters
122. **Isabella Orsini.** Romantic Drama, in 4 Acts. By S. H. Mosenthal. 11 Male, 4 Female characters
123. **The Two Poets.** Farce. By John Courtney. 4 Male, 4 Female characters
124. **The Volunteer Review.** A Farce. By Thomas J. Williams, Esq. 6 Male, 6 Female characters
125. **Deerfoot.** Farce, in 1 Act. By F. C. Burnand, Esq. 5 Male, 1 Female characters
126. **Twice Killed.** Farce. By John Oxenford.— 6 Male, 3 Female characters
127. **Peggy Green.** Farce. By Charles Selby.— 3 Male, 10 Female characters
128. **The Female Detective.** Original Drama, in 3 Acts. By C. H. Hazlewood, 11 Male, 4 Female characters
129. **In for a Holiday.** Farce, in 1 Act. By F. C. Burnand, Esq. 2 Male, 3 Female characters
130. **My Wife's Diary.** Farce, in 1 Act. By T. W. Robertson, 3 Male, 1 Female characters
131. **Go to Putney.** Original Farce, in 1 Act. By Harry Lemon. 3 Male, 4 Female characters
132. **A Race for a Dinner.** Farce. By J. T. G. Rodwell. 10 Male characters
133. **Timothy to the Rescue.** Original Farce, in 1 Act. By Henry J. Byron, Esq., 4 Male, 2 Female characters
134. **Tompkins the Troubadour.** Farce, in 1 Act. By Messrs. Lockroy and Marc Michel.— 3 Male, 2 Female characters
135. **Everybody's Friend.** Original Comedy, in 3 Acts. By J. Stirling Coyne, Esq. 6 Male, 5 Female characters
136. **The Woman in Red.** Drama, in 3 Acts and a Prologue. By J. Stirling Coyne, Esq. 6 Male, 8 Female characters

No

137. **L'Article 47; or, Breaking the Ban.** Drama, in 3 Acts. By Adolphe Belot. 11 Male, 5 Female characters
138. **Poll and Partner Joe; or the Pride of Putney, and the Pressing Pirate.** New and Original Nautical Burlesque. By F. C. Burnand.— 7 Male, 6 Female characters
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